

OUR JUNIOR OFFICE BOY

new york—the other day I herd tell of a man who had a pistol in his house to shoot burglars with if they come & I nite he thought he herd a feller down stares & he shot at him & it was his son who had gone down stares for a drink of water

that made the father verry sorry & he throwed the gun a way

now if this man had a wife like mrs. medders he wood still have the gun & his boy too

she told my ma the other day that mr. medders had bought his self a revolver to protect the house agin robbers which, he says, is lible to brake in almost anny nite

and mrs. medders is askeared of revolvers & is afrade that mr medders will shoot 1 of the fambly on his self in stead of the robber so she tells my ma that she hid the revolver in a place where mr. medders wood never find it if he hunted the rest of his life & he won't do that because he stuck it under the mattress & he thinks it is still there reddey to grab when he heres a robber bustin in the house

but, my ma, says to mrs. medders, won't your husband be awful-sore when he cant find the revolver

yes, thats why, mrs. medders says, for he has such a terrible temper that he will holler loud enuff to scare the robbers away & that will save him the trubbel of shooting at them

HE DIDN'T NOTICE IT

We usually retire about 9 o'clock. Last Wednesday nighl we were somewhat wearied. Knowing it was nearing 9 we slipped off our pants

and went to bed and sat down on a wasp. Golly! we never heard the clock strike 9 at all.—Clarksville, Ark., Democrat.

SUNDAY NOISE

By Charles B. Driscoll.

On Sunday, when I fain would read about the Promised Land, or sing a hymn, or listen to some Sunday music canned, my next door neighbor gets his ax and chops a pile of wood. I frown my solemn Sunday frown. It seems to do no good.

My neighbor's wife tries all week long to move her spouse a bit, but he prefers to doze and read, to talk, and eat, and sit. Six days and nights he grandly loaf, but on the seventh day he gets his hammer, saw, and ax, and makes a little hay. He makes a noise throughout the block, he makes the neighbors sore, and some fine Sunday afternoon his yard will run with gore. The folks who want to rest or read or sing their little songs will band together with a whoop, to right their many wrongs. They'll tnake one noisy day of rest, and it will be the last. The man who makes our Sunday noise will mingle with the past.

SOFT SNAPS

